



# Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 11, 1890.

## TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

**ONE DOLLAR** OR \$12.00 IF NOT PAID WHEN  
RECEIVED, OR ONE AND A HALF DOLLARS  
IF PAID AFTER THE DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

**ALL PAYMENT** OF SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE  
MADE ON THE YELLOW STAMP ATTACHED TO THIS PAPER.

The name will be used in all cases, and  
will be consistent in all names, and ready for  
use by him.

**AND A REMINDER** to change his post office  
address, or the name of the office to which it  
previously belonged, so that we shall be able to  
send postage free to all subscribers.

**Advertisers' Notices.**

M. J. C. LUREY of Augusta, state reporter,  
subscribed to receive news and reports.  
Mr. G. A. ATHERTON is now calling upon our  
subscribers to call on Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our sub-  
scribers in Washington county.

The census gives Portland a population  
of 36,000.

We are informed by a prominent  
dealer that at present there are 300,000  
tons of packed ice on the Kennebec and  
its tributaries, a very small portion of  
which is unsold.

Patents have been granted Frederick A.  
Ward of Lincoln, who writes; Frank L.  
Osgood, Bangor, leather dog; Bethuel F.  
Stearns, Dexter, sweep and picker stick at-  
tachment for looms.

At the meeting of the Eastern Maine Fair  
Association, Tuesday, it was voted to hold  
the 6th annual exhibition the first week in  
September, 1891, commencing Tuesday. Improvements  
will be made on the grounds before the  
exhibition.

It is proposed to build a mammoth lace  
factory in Saco, Pa. It will cover six  
acres of ground, will be built by a firm  
in Nottingham, and will start in with 400  
skilled hands, which number will soon be  
increased to 2,000.

Dr. George M. Twichell, of the Farmer,  
has five calls to go out of the State,  
and just as many classes by score and scale  
of points, arranged by the Farmer, he  
will go to St. John, Sept. 24th and 25th, for  
that purpose.

The estimate that has been made by some  
one, that 100,000 visitors have been in  
Maine during the vacation season, is  
but fair one. The amount of money they  
left is no one can tell, but it was un-  
doubtedly large.

Now is the time for hunting the par-  
tridge and other game birds, and the woods  
are full of them. Men armed with guns,  
intent on shooting come out. In view of  
the accidents that are all the talk, great care  
should be exercised.

The Androscoggin Poultney and Post Stock  
Association have their premium list for  
the year, and it may be had at 100 Main  
Street, Lewiston, or E. G. Keville,  
at the corner of Main and Broad, or by  
mail, by addressing John F. Putnam, Secy.,  
Lewiston.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is in Saco,  
today, at work on an improved electric  
motor for street cars.

The invention, when completed,  
promises much to the public.

All details of the scheme are a profound secret, and the  
work is progressing behind closed doors.

J. Russell walked into a grocery store  
at Bangor, Tuesday, pulled a revolver from  
his pocket, and deliberately shot twice at  
Benton Dewitt, very seriously, but  
fatally wounding him. Not a word was  
spoken by either of the men.

Russell, both men in trouble, a loaded revolver was found upon Dewitt.

Russell came to Bangor with his family  
from Houston, two months or more ago,  
and was immediately followed by Dewitt.

There has been a marked improvement in  
the condition of the roads, and the appearances  
warrant the belief that there will shortly  
be a genuine revival of travel. It has  
been a long time coming, but conservative  
judges say that wool is soon to be planted  
again, and that manufacturers have re-  
cently turned back to mouth policy;  
their stocks, therefore, are low, and they  
will soon be in the market for wool. The  
improved feeling in the wool trade grows  
stronger, and the belief is that wool is  
about to come in, and the hor-  
izon looks brighter.

The Farmers of Maine will have  
arrived at a better condition in the  
world.

Cashmere Grange of Vassalboro has  
decided to have a fair in October, last one  
day. The proper committee have been  
appointed, and the date of exhibition will  
soon be announced.

The dedication of the new and spacious  
hall, which this Grange has been fitting up,  
at an expense of eight hundred dollars,  
will take place on Thursday, Sept. 20th,  
lasting all day. The occasion is to be  
grated by the presence of the State Master  
of the State League, and Pomona Grange.

The building is a fine one, with stores and  
dining room below, and hall above. Hard  
wood flooring has been put in, and the hall  
fitted up in nice shape.

The representative of the Brazilian govern-  
ment at Washington, and the appearance  
of the Brazilian government, in return for the loan on the part of our  
Congress, admitting sugar to the United  
States free of duty, stands ready to  
remove the duty on farm products ex-  
ported from the United States, but will  
also admit free, United States agricultural  
implements and machinery, railroad  
equipment and supplies, including railroad  
cars, and steamers, to the United States.

There seems to be a chance for  
practical reciprocity.

Uncle Jerry Bush, of the Agricultural  
Department, is engaged in bros, by a  
talented young lady on Washington, and  
the work of art was presented to the department  
by Congress.

Hughes, of Wisconsin. Mr. Bush accepted  
the gift most cordially, expressing his  
appreciation of the article, which  
dictated this method of presenting it to  
the worth of the young lady's work, adding  
that he congratulated Mr. Hauge on the  
possessions of one so talented, and who, he  
had thought, might some day be  
called upon to stand down at Mr. Hauge  
in the same manner, to posterity. Whenever  
his turn was a cabinet minister, he would  
fully appreciate the honor of being  
placed in bronze, and that next to  
being placed in a picture of a critic's in a pub-  
lic square, he approached that of being  
hung up in some conspicuous position, as  
a warning to all evildoers in the department.

The finding of Judge Humphreys  
upon the railroad accident at  
Quincy, will impress the public at a  
moment when the responsibility from  
the subordinates who placed the judge upon  
the railroads, and placed him upon the  
action master, under whose direction he  
was upon the road, was being done.

The judge, however, is not to be blamed  
for his action, and he has, indeed, some  
right to be faulted, for the death of Mr. Hauge  
in Quincy, Wisconsin.

Mr. Bush accepted the gift most cordially,

expressing his appreciation of the article,  
which he said was a good one.

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## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

**Love's Question.**  
Do they see, do they hear, do they know,  
What it is, what it says, where it goes?  
The love of God is all I have to say,  
Can it be, though unthought, that they stand  
By me?—I have no time to say more,  
Do they come from that world to this?

They have their bright home where the light  
Gives them rest; but here I sit alone,  
And darkness crowds full in my room?

A sun watch by my bed while I sleep,  
Tells me the day is over, the night is come.

Do they joy when I joy? When I weep,  
When I sleep?—I often wonder, but know,

Would the love of a God that loves all,  
Would he clothe me, if such love were call'd?

To His care, when I am sick or sore,  
When no service of love could cure me.

When my life shall draw near to the end,  
To His care, when I am sick or sore.

That my cause in Heaven is done,  
To give me rest, and welcome to me.

Given to the Maine Farmer.  
LUDDELL CLAY HANSEN.

**Our Story Teller.**  
**LOVE AFTER DEATH.**  
A weird Tale of the Supernatural Guardianship of a Mother over her Son.

In one of the poorest and most over-crowded parts of our poor over-worked State there is a singular little town differing from the quiet place round it only in its perfect cleanliness, for on entering it you are struck by the fact that every necessary furnishing is to be found.

One bitter night early in February, there was born in this town a small, dark, young priest. He was evidently expecting some one, and some one loved; for from the moment of his birth he was surrounded with something like a sigh, at the manger which was prepared on the table.

"For if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will guide himself the warmth. It does not rest a moment, for he is destined to be good to himself and the food. It is always so, when the suffering is to be, Then in Thy power, O Lord, I leave him to Thee."

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands, for he was sad and anxious. The priest looked at him with a sad and anxious face.

"It was so unusual for me to feel before the words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure me that he was indeed a priest, for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances, he was rendered beautiful by his strength and sweet mien mingled in it like the face of an angel."

"I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore that I cannot bear the weight of it, nor my feet before. The sin and suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, and above all, the cry of the child, who is all in all to me, and if mine? O then loving Shepherd, what is the suffering to be, Then in Thy power, O Lord, I leave him to Thee."

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

As he sat down again, the door opened to admit another man, looking weary beyond words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure me that he was indeed a priest, for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances, he was rendered beautiful by his strength and sweet mien mingled in it like the face of an angel."

"Well, truly," said Fr. Warren, "but let us be frank, that I feel sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were beginning to tell on the priest, who was in a bad frame."

"Now, dear father," said he, "be-  
sides; 'to put on dry clothes and rest when you are tired,' you have to give up work after all, and when you are tired, trouble will befall you and than that?"

"Well, truly," said Fr. Warren, "but let us be frank, that I feel sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were beginning to tell on the priest, who was in a bad frame."

"She will have none of me, dear father, but deems to you, and you only, to be right. Her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest, that I have gone over to her side, and to receive cordially the unexpected visitor."

The door was gently closed, and the room he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat weary expression.

"Let me go," said the young priest, jumping up. "It is hard, this perfect impatience, to be told that I must stay, how unfit you are to do anything or see any one this evening."

"No, no, my son," said Fr. Warren, "but let us be frank, that I feel sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were beginning to tell on the priest, who was in a bad frame."

"The young priest dressed himself and left the room. He returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat weary expression.

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"She will have none of me, dear father, but deems to you, and you only, to be right. Her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest, that I have gone over to her side, and to receive cordially the unexpected visitor."

The door was gently closed, and the room he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat weary expression.

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